

A Slight Accident

Often Causes Severe Kidney Trouble—A Muskegon Lady's Experience.

How often a sudden accident, a slip or fall, gives the back a twist and deranges the delicate fibers of the kidneys, which have their duties to perform and must be in a condition to perform them. They carry off the poisonous acids from the blood, and if they get out of order and refuse to do this, the whole system is affected by the poisonous uric acid carried to all parts in the blood. So it is that slight accidents, a strain, a fall, or a little twist in the back amounting to very little of itself often results disastrously if neglected. Don's Kidney Pills are designed to restore the kidneys to healthy action. That they do this is easily proven by the statements of the public. A well-known lady of Muskegon is Mrs. Emily J. Andrews, whose comfortable home is at 16 E. Diana Street. She spoke of her experience as follows:

"Some time ago I had a terrible fall and it affected me in the back and kidneys. Oh, how it hurt me in through the back! I got so lame and sore I could hardly stir. I suffered everything and thought I would surely die; the pain was so great I could not walk. At my age it was very hard to suffer so much. I saw Don's Kidney Pills advertised. I wanted to try them, as my kidney organism was affected by the fall. A box was procured from Brundage's drug store, and before I had finished taking them all, I felt easier in my back. I kept on taking them, using in all four boxes, and the result is that I am now feeling all right. The pain in my back used to be so intense I could not sleep, and often had to use hot applications to get ease. Now I can rest and sleep well. Don's Kidney Pills have been a grand thing for me. When an article possesses such merit as they do, it should be recognized, and I am glad to place myself on record as one who has tried them and found them to be as represented."

For sale by all druggists—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McGregor Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Don's, and take no other.

Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

Teachers should carefully note the contents of this circular and preserve it for future use.

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.
Regular, Corunna, August 20th and 21st, 1896.
Special, Owosso, October 15th and 16th, 1896.
Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 26th, 1897.
Special, Owosso, June 17th and 18th, 1897.
All examinations will begin at 8:30 a. m., standard time.

Applicants for third grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physics and reading the second half day; arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physics, algebra and reading the second half day; arithmetic, history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geography, general history and botany on Saturday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

For third grades an average of seventy is required, for not less than sixty-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, for not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an average of eighty-five is required, for not less than eighty in any branch.

Applicants shall use legal cap paper and write with pen and ink. Applicants for first and second grades who pass in part of the branches may re-write at the next examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must re-write in all branches. Applicants for third grades who fail in part of the branches must re-write in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when legally qualified teachers cannot be secured. Persons who wish to teach must attend an examination.

D. J. HARRIS, Commissioner.
J. N. COOY, Examiner.
J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner.
Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

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1:30 to 5:30 p. m.

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Office, 211 N. Washington St.

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ROB M'GREGOR.

By MARTHA MOULDOCH WILLIAMS.

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CHAPTER V.

At nearly the same minute Mrs. Annis, riding home through the deepening dusk, met a horseman, at sight of whom she turned her own beast square across the narrow road, barring his progress until she had questioned him to her heart's content. Evidently the answers pleased her. Very shortly she rode on, chuckling aloud. She got down at her own stile in tempestuous good humor, patted the head of a lank hound which came to greet her and strode within the squat log house, which had one door ajar.

It was mean and squalid, forlornly weather beaten and full of slatternly discomfort. The open passway between the two pens was like a muck heap. Racks had been set upon the log walls either side for holding guns and saddles. Mrs. Annis noted with pleasure that all of them were empty. She slung her own riding gear in place, saying half under breath: "That that fool Noch jest will keep away! He shoredly had better. Some er his gang has got faces ter hang 'em anywhar's. He's er plumb fool of he don't stay way one while. I kin manage Magnolyer by hersef, an' unless I'm reckonin' mighty wrong I'll manage it so he kin change his business fer better, and that right soon."

Magnolia stood listlessly in front of the fireplace, with yet a spark at bottom of her velvety eyes. It had been kindled by sight of a gorgeous silk handkerchief and some lengths of broad red ribbon which lay across her arm. Without a word she held them toward the old woman, who said, with a harsh laugh, fingering them eagerly: "So he's fetchin' things ter you er ready, ag? I met him in the road; had er nice dish er chat with him, too."

VAN R. POND,

Attorney & Counselor,

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OWOSSO, MICH.

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHIAWASSEE, SS.

In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner, a minor.

Notice is hereby given, That in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the undersigned, as guardian of the estate of said minor, by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate, and for said County, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1897, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the postoffice in Burton in said County, on Saturday the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all the right, title and interest of said minor in and to the following described lands and premises, situated in the township of Fairfield, County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, to wit: An undivided one-fifth interest in the n. e. 1/4 of a n. e. 1/4 of sec 3, except 90 rods in a corner; also the n. e. 1/4 of sec 4 of a n. e. 1/4 of sec 3, and the west 1/2 of sec 4 of a n. e. 1/4 of sec 3, all in town 8, north range 1 east.

WILLIAM C. STEFF,

Guardian of the estate of said minor.

Dated Feb. 8th, A. D. 1897.

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Chicago Express, daily, leaves 8:30 p. m., arrives in Jackson 10:45 p. m., Chicago 6:00 a. m.

Through Sleeper (Bay City to Chicago).

TRAINS NORTH.

Bay City Express, leaves 9:00 a. m., arrives at Bay City 11:30 a. m., Sleeper, Chicago to Bay City, arrives at Bay City 9:30 p. m.

Marquette Express leaves Owosso 7:15 p. m., arrives at Bay City 9:30 p. m.

Owosso accommodation leaves Jackson 10:50 a. m., arrives Owosso 1:30 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.

Owosso Accommodation leaves Owosso at 1:45 p. m., arrives in Jackson at 3:50 p. m.

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though he was in such a hurry. Now, you listen to me, Magnolyer, jest you mind me, an you kin marry Ben Topmark an be as big er dog as any er the big dogs."

Magnolia flung her arms above her head, with a quick shiver.

"I woun't have been," she said daily.

"I woun't have been—no, not for nuthin. All I want er heem is—murney. I woun't stand heem er ya-air fer all hee's ent. I—hate heem, I do—ef ef he stays jest er leetle while."

"You air er big fool," Mrs. Annis said roughly, "all on account er Noch, an, though he is all the child I've got, I'm bound ter say he is no account—wusser'n no account. Besides you jest as well see, fust as last, he woun't never marry you, not ef you git your full rights an money besides."

"Burr—burr—the—chile—the leetle un!" Magnolia gasped, her mouth gathering whitens. "He—he can't deny it—the pore leetle un. It's 3 year ole now. Ef I jest had it an Noch—an—an we had er place whar nobody knowed."

"Shet up!" Mrs. Annis commanded. "Gal, lemme tell you somethin. Noch's like all the rest er men—crazy fer what he ain't got. Now he's plumb distracted arter Betty Hinsley. He'd git her too. Now Hinsley's done gone ter jail, Betty's free as any on us."

"I mought as well be dead, then," Magnolia said passionately, dropping into a chair and breaking into dry sobs. But in a little her eyes went back to the gay ribbon. She got up and began to tie it about her round waist. Then she draped the kerchief over her shoulder and smiled to see how ivory fair her long throat showed in contrast. When her dusky hair had been piled high on her head, she surveyed herself in the old clock's looking glass face and said, still smiling:

"I would look right fine ef I had fine clothes all the time."

"Yes, an I mean ter see that you git 'em," Mrs. Annis, added with her most energetic nod.

A very wise man has said there is no such thing as a trifle. And myriad human beings will echo the saying when they cast back to crucial minutes and note whereupon they hinged. If only Mam Liza had not been at perpetual feud with Luce Allen, Miss Winfold and her mother might have postponed if not wholly escaped a very bad quarter of an hour. Luce was the foremost of the black passers who came upon Jack and Rob. She had seen enough to make her smile, thrust her tongue in the cheek and resolve to go to Mrs. Winfold's bright and early next morning. Besides a born gossip's relish for things of account she knew she could give herself the double satisfaction of revenge upon Mam Liza and of getting even with Mrs. Winfold for more than one grudge kept this long time in mind.

Yet her face was a pattern of demure and ebon innocence when she came asking if Miss Alice and Miss Sairey could not be persuaded to undertake making her a new black calico against an occasion of combined funerals soon to come off at Boiling Spring church. They agreed readily, and throughout the time of cutting and fitting Luce let her tongue run to such purpose that she left them both upon the verge of stormy tears.

That was not surprising if you consider that Miss Winfold's world thought her as tender hearted as she was admirable. Her mother said indeed she didn't see how dear Alice got along even as well as she did, so sensitive as she was. Why, the least little trouble coming to anybody made her cry half a day. Brother even noticed it and was mighty careful of what he told her, and when it came to conscience, "Oh, my, ef Alice thought anybody, no matter who er what they might be, had injustice done 'em, most of all by anybody that was anything ter her, why, I do believe Alice would go almost out of her mind."

Assuredly Miss Alice had a fountain of ready tears. They flowed freely as she said, looking after the vanishing black woman:

"Mommur, what makes you stare at me that way? God knows I wish I could say I don't believe anything, but I do. I just know, in fact, Luce told the truth."

Mrs. Winfold's heels beat a rataplum on the floor. It was a full half minute, indeed, before she gathered voice to say: "It ain't, it can't, it shan't, be so! The idear, brother goin ter court that little upstart minx, that limb, that vixen, Rob McGregor, an Jack Talbot engaged ter her an huggin her in the face of daylight an everybody! Ef them things can be, I ain't no longer believe in Providence. Poor Mrs. Talbot! I know she'd a heap rather see Jack dead, as I'd rather see brother."

"Do shut up, can't you? I'm sick an tired of all you can say about anything!" Alice interrupted irritably. "Let me get my head clear. I must think hard. There's a way out of all this. I'll find it as sure as my name's Alice Winfold."

"Dear me alive! Ef it stays Alice Winfold much longer, I think I'll run off with the first tin peddler that comes along," Nina, the younger Winfold, said pertly. "You are so cross there ain't no livin with you, an so ugly it ain't no wonder Rob McGregor has out you out."

"You better mind how you talk, missy!" Alice almost shouted. Mrs. Winfold scowled darkly and muttered something about pert vixens that needed to be whipped. Nina had sauntered to the front door and stood leaning out of it. Over her shoulder she called maliciously:

"You better hush an straighten up your faces. Yonder comes Mrs. Talbot, an Jack with her."

"I wonder why she could not have sense enough to stay away until some-body wanted to see her?" Alice said, grinding her teeth as she made a dash for the water basin and began dabbling her eyes. But that did not prevent her from running to the horse block to meet and greet the visitor, nor from saying as she set the easiest chair for her: "You

are too kind for anything. What would we do without you?"

Peace remained with Mrs. Talbot in the bosom of the Winfold family. That was not long, though. By 10 o'clock she had gone, and Mrs. Winfold was saying between bursts of angry tears:

"Oh, yes! She's heard it. That's what brought her here. I mean that lie about brother. She wanted me ter name it. The fool! I'd 'a' died first!"

"I only hope it isn't a lie," Alice returned, with an ugly sneer. "La, ma, you're most as big a fool as Mrs. Talbot herself! If she wasn't a fool, she'd be bound to see through us. But that ain't here nor there. The thing to consider is how we can keep Jack from marryin Rob inside a month."

"Alice, you don't think he means really?" Mrs. Winfold began.

Her daughter cut her short. "You ought to know—you must if you had the least sense—that, whether he cares for her or not, Jack will marry her out of hand ef he hears that people talk about her on account of him. So the very best thing that can happen for me is this chance to make him jealous of Uncle Ben."

"Oh, Alice, don't say you believe that!" Mrs. Winfold cried tragically. "Why, I'd die ef I thought brother really—"

"Brother'll make a fool of himself same as any old widower. As it has got to be over some girl, I'm mighty glad he pitched on Rob," Alice said. "I know you hate her. I don't. If I can just manage to make Jack believe she has the least thought of marryin Uncle Ben—well, it won't be long before he's engaged to marry me."

"What a head you have got, Alice! I never could have seen through things that a-way," Mrs. Winfold said, with admiration. Her daughter gave her shoulders a pronounced shrug as she answered:

"You might if there had been a Jack Talbot in the case. I think the man you married must have been an awful poor stick."

"He wasn't a good chance, poor man," Mrs. Winfold said, with an attempt at a sigh, "but I was most 30, an brother always did hate old maids in the family. He'd rather have me like I am, with you two throwed in, than be bothered with me in his house, an I couldn't live nowhere else ef I hadn't never married. Jack is wuth a heap er trouble. Any girl might be proud ter git him. Of co'se I want you ter marry, no matter what comes, but he's the one I'd choose fer you ef I had the world ter pick from."

Alice got up and shook herself free of shreds. Her eyes were unusually bright, and there was a tinge of muddy red in her round cheeks. It was not becoming. It turned to tawdriness the yellows below the creamy surface. She raised her hands above her head, clinched them and said with a sharp, hissing utterance: "Here, ma! You an Nina finish this. I'm goin to see Rob McGregor, but don't you dare hint to anybody—least of all, any of the Talbots—that I have gone."

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Winfold found the blind man alone in the wide hall. He turned his head at her knock, saying, with a pitiful little smile:

"My ears cannot tell me names, though they say my visitor is a lady and young. Come in, please. My daughter will soon be here. She has gone this morning to look at the crops for me."

"Oh, howdy, Mr. McGregor!" Alice said, shamed by the fine, transparent old face into something like cordial heartiness. "It's me—Alice Winfold. I haven't come to see Rob, at least I shall tell her so. Ma was tellin me this mornin about your wedding—she was there, you know—an says you an your wife were the handsomest couple she ever saw. Then I just wanted to see you—an Rob, of course—so I said I was comin right over. An I shall tell Rob it was on purpose to see you."

"Sit down, my dear. I am glad traly you have come, all the gladder that I cannot see you," Mr. McGregor said, with a laugh more pitiful than tears.

"But I saw you among the last things," he went on. "I remember it well. You were at the store with your mother—the chubbiest, neat little girl, with dimples all over her hands. Let me see. Are the dimples there still? Yes, every one," touching her plump hand. "And I hear through my friend Talbot that you are the best daughter in the world. You know, I cannot quite agree to that, though he says his wife thinks so. I have a girl of my own. Aside from her you are no doubt the dearest girl in the world."

"Well, I must say this caps the climax," Rob said from the door back of them. "Daddy! To think of your blossoming out into a gallant at this time of life! Alice, I shall like you awfully for a stepmother. But, oh, dear, how surprised I am! I thought I had this young man," laying a light hand on her father's head, "so well trained I could trust him, even with the belle of the neighborhood."

Alice laughed brightly, falling easily in with Rob's whimsical humor. But she would not take off her hat and stay to dinner. "I must go in a minute," she said. "Mommur has oceans of work laid out to do. I just ran away from it. Come an give me some roses, Rob, by way of reward."

"First you must eat some peaches," Rob said. "And tell your mother the White Heaths are nearly ripe. She must send and get all she wants next week."

"You have such wins. Why don't you sell some?" Miss Winfold asked incautiously. At once Mr. McGregor sat very upright.

"We have not more than enough for ourselves and our neighbors, black and white," he said. "And, Miss Alice, even if there were a great surplus, I should hate to think that the sale of it had made me the price of some poor neighbor's wares."

Rob flushed deeply and gave Alice an appealing glance. That young lady opened her eyes very wide, but said

Stirring Events

are at hand. You will want the very latest news—the most accurate reports to be obtained. Then you want the

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nothing, only rose and walked beside Rob to the garden.

"It looks like witch work—the way your flowers bloom," she said, glancing along the borders. "Everybody else's are all dried up. But wait a minute, Rob. I didn't come out for just the flowers. I—I want to ask you something—something important—that I can't mention to anybody else."

"Why, Alice, I am the last person for serious matters, and if it's a secret please don't tell me," Rob said, with a half smile. "Not that I can't keep one, but some one else might not, and then the one who had trusted me might think I was the traitor."

"But you are the only one I can tell," Alice said, dropping her eyes. "You are my age an all that. I—I can't talk about this with Mommur. She wouldn't understand."

"I'm sure I shall not understand either," Rob said, her smile broadening. "You may tell me if you choose. But I warn you it is no use."

"Yes, it is some use," Miss Winfold persisted. "It is, Oh, I shall never get it out. It's about—Jack Talbot, you know. He wants me to—to be engaged to him, an I don't know whether it would be right while he has to take care of the family, you know."

Rob was bending to clip an especially choice rose. She snipped the stalk with a clean cut and got up steadily, the flower in her hand, as she said, with a careless accent: "By all means be engaged to him. The family will be delighted. And as to taking care of them, the debts are almost paid now. I reckon Jack will soon have a place of his own."

"It is not that so much. I know he'd give me everything heart could wish. I had better tell you all of it," Miss Winfold said, with a bashful smile. "You see, he came to see me, an Mommur was away, so we got to talk about—well, about ourselves. An then he took any hand an said he—loved me; never had loved anybody else; would I be engaged to him? Then he broke out: 'Maybe I haven't got the right to ask it. You don't know, Alice, how weak a young fellow can be nor how he lets himself get entangled. But you are my salvation. Say you'll have me after awhile. But—don't tell anybody I have asked you, not for six months yet.' Wasn't that a strange way to talk?"

"Very, but hardly so strange as your telling me about it," Rob said, waving her rose idly to and fro. "At least," she went on, "it seems to me had any one spoken so to me I should think a great many times before repeating what had been said. Still, if you want my opinion, it is that you may do whatever Jack wishes. I dare say he is morbidly self conscious over some of his flirtations, and no doubt thinks some one is dying for him who really does not care the least bit in the world."

"Oh, I am so glad you say that!" Miss Winfold cried, making to fling her arms about Rob's neck. "Of course I wouldn't let Jack know it for the world. But, oh, Rob, I do love him better than anybody!"

"I wish you all happiness with him," Rob said, shrinking a little from the embrace and beginning to clip roses so lavishly that her visitor made protest. "The flowers will only wither if I leave them," she said. "That is why they bloom so well for me. I never let them waste their energies."

"An you love to give them away, you